

Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

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Number 3

WITHIN THE WEEK

This wk the Senate Foreign Relations committee heard witnesses who oppose the United Nations Security pact. There is an easy temptation to characterize this part of the proceedings as a "Field Day of the Crackpots." It is generally conceded that the charter is "in"; an overwhelming majority of the people approve. Yet among the "nuts and bolters" there are those with intelligent and reasoned objections. They must be heard, and their testimony fully recorded.

PACIFIC WAR: To say that we are now organizing for an all-out smash at the enemy is to make a statement that invites misinterpretation. This doesn't imply that the end is imminent. In Europe, we organized for the final phase mo's before climax came. We continue to believe that landings on the Chinese coast will precede a full-scale invasion of the Japanese mainland.

BRITISH ELECTION: The Conservatives have probably lost the election insofar as civilian votes can determine the result. If CHURCHILL retains power it will be for a limited time, and as a result of the loyal support of the fighting forces, whose votes are not yet tallied.

FRENCH ELECTION: The election scheduled for next Oct ac-

cents issues rather than individuals. It is to determine which way France will go in the early postwar period. Specifically, the election will determine the fate of the bicameral (2 chamber) form of Gov't. The people are to decide whether they will discard the constitution of the 3rd republic, which this yr marks its 70th anniversary. A bitter behind-the-scene struggle is on between Gen'l DEGAULLE and the extreme Leftists on this issue. Radical group seeks unicameral system, believing they can more readily control a single chamber. Indications point to a victory for this group. In addition to voting on the constitution issue, the people will elect a nat'l assembly. If the old constitution is voted down, assembly will take up task of framing a new one. We doubt Gen'l DEGAULLE will be a candidate for the new assembly; if so, he probably would face defeat at this time, but may rise to power at a later period. DEGAULLE has acceded to the demand for an election now only because the issue has been forced upon him.

MEXICO: Left-wing pressure is intensified. A change in gov't cannot be long postponed.

The form of gov't now obtaining in Germany is a condominium—the high-sounding term applied to a joint sovereignty—in case you care.



SHIFTING SANDS

The current Soap Famine has been accelerated by a now-familiar pattern, originating in widely-circulated publicity releases telling of gov't cuts in raw material allotments, diversion of civilian supplies to military and lend-lease, etc. This was followed, naturally, by protective buying on the part of consumers. The net result is empty shelves. Actually, there has been a slight *increase* in amt of soap available, but it has been quickly absorbed by heavy demand. . . We shall have to export powdered and canned milk to Europe probably for some yrs to come. Herds have been reduced, cannot be quickly restored. Moreover, there's a feed problem. Europe has always imported feed, but now human needs come first—a case of "food before fodder." Fortunately, U S milk production is at all-time high. . . NBC has recorded complete proceedings of San Francisco conference on 125 double discs.



FOR THOSE WHO WILL NOT BE MENTALLY MAROONED

Quote

"HE WHO NEVER QUOTES, IS NEVER QUOTED"

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

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"My boys almost never see a Jap plane."—Maj Gen'l CLAUDE L CHENNAULT, commander of U S 14th air force, declaring that Japanese air force in China and Formosa had collapsed completely.

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"It's the end of the road."—Capt CYNTHIA B WARNER, commander of 76 "chair borne" WACs assigned to Berlin to work with 82nd air borne division, permanent American occupation force.

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"Hitler killed in action? Impossible. That guy never left his air-raid shelter."—S S Gen'l SEPP DIETRICH, one of the most notorious of Nazi leaders, during an official interrogation by Army specialists.

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"If necessary to win the war, we shall leave no man, woman or child alive in Japan and shall erase that country from the map. The Japs know this and I believe they will avoid it by surrendering in 1946."—Admiral JONAS H INGRAM, commander of U S Atlantic fleet.

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"We have already fed them for 5 yrs. That ought to be enough."—Comment of Danes who are weary of providing for 300,000 German refugees who crowd the schools and other facilities; openly boast that their sons will grow up to avenge the German reich.

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"I have found the Russians most cooperative. I believe that they realize as earnestly as we the delicacy of the situation that obtains in a transitory stage."—Maj Gen'l FLOYD L PARKS, military commander of American occupation troops in Berlin, discounting idea that the tripartite gov't in Berlin would not work.

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"We have not struck. We will not strike. We'll keep 'em sailing. But don't let Adm Land (war shipping administrator) torpedo us with wage cuts while we're carrying war materials to your boys."—Signs carried by seamen picketing war shipping administration offices in 45 cities, protesting proposed reduction in merchant seamen bonuses. Picketing is being done by men on earned furloughs or by seamen's wives, not by men on duty.

"MAY WE

Quote

YOU ON THAT?"

"You spend all your life trying to be a serious actor, and end up as 'Hot-Lips' Bogart."—HUMPHREY BOGART, fuming over the "Will-he-kiss-her-or-kill-her?" ads exploiting his current picture, *Conflict*.

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"It is just a question of wading in and finishing this war."—Lt Gen'l ROY S GEIGER, new commander of Pacific marine forces, declaring that Japan is ripe for invasion; American troops can land "any time we want to."

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"Some of the fellows you would think were pretty hard boys have learned to knit and spend lots of time when not on duty knitting sweaters and baby clothes for their youngsters at home."—Lt (j g) HARRY ANDERSON, of Norfolk, Neb, Navy combat veteran, reporting on activities of many sailors in the S Pacific.

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"These city boys don't know how to thump a melon; they'd plug all the green ones, causing them to rot in the field. We lost every melon we tried to grow. Now, we're planting 40 acres more and we'll have MPs around them all night."—B E LUNDHOLM, foreign economic administration representative, stationed on Guam.

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"I can make more noise than you can!"—Sen TOM CONNALLY, chairman, Senate Foreign Relations committee, pounding his gavel to silence an obstreperous witness (Mrs AGNES WALTERS representing Nat'l Blue Star Mothers) who spoke in opposition to United Nations Security pact, shouting that "This is not a war. It is a world revolution for communism."

"Price control is a pretty flimsy levee holding back a great big flood; you bore a few holes in it, and pretty soon your levee will be gone."—SEN ALLEN J ELLENDER.

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"He is the most impressive American I have met."—Air Vice Marshal H V SATTERLY, on his return to England from the Philippines where he met Gen'l DOUGLAS MACARTHUR.

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"He does not deserve ever again to raise a baton in the Netherlands."—Decision of a Dutch board, denouncing Dr WILLEM MENGELBERG, internationally known conductor, as a collaboratorist.

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"The world hopes you will enshrine it."—Maj Gen'l ROYAL B LORD, turning over to the Mayor of Reims the gold and silver-plated keys to the room in the Reims schoolhouse where the Germans signed their surrender 2 mo's ago.

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"She's all right, mister, she's one of our family."—VIETTA GARR, Pres TRUMAN's cook, putting her o k on one of the President's relatives, stopped by a Secret Service man as she attempted to drop in, via the back door, to borrow a cup of sugar.

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"They even take the tops off peanut butter jars to get at the contents."—Councilman THEO P VANDERCOY, of Buffalo, N Y, pleading with the council's finance committee to divert an add'l \$5,000 to rat control fund. (Councilman CHAS FLANAGAN wanted to know whether the rodents put the tops back on again after they finished eating.)

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"The War Dept is proud of its troops and that includes Negroes."—Undersec'y of War ROBERT P PATTERSON, taking issue with statement made by Sen JAMES EASTMAN during filibuster against the FEPC that Negro troops in Europe "would neither work nor fight." EASTMAN claimed his information came from a high-ranking gen'l; PATTERSON declared he had no knowledge of any such statement having been made.

"You cannot have a statesman's vision of the future if you are afraid of the present."—ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, in *My Day*.

"It was hard work and now I understand the board's problems better."—Housewife of Marinette, Wis, impatient for her sugar coupons, accepted proposal that she work for ration board for one day.

"I am ready to defend the republic as I have always defended France."—EDOUARD M HERRIOTT, 72-yr-old former French Premier, announcing that he might become a candidate in France's 1st gen'l election since the German occupation.

"We just stepped out for a pack of cigarets."—Comment of 2 inmates who scaled the walls of county prison farm at San Bruno, Calif, Captured 24 hrs later, they had the cigarets to back their statement.

"It doesn't strike me as any way to earn a living."—BILL MAULDIN, GI cartoonist and author of best-selling *Up Front With Mauldin*, declining an acting role in film version of his book. He will serve as technical adviser, to see that Hollywood doesn't "dress up" his heroes, Joe and Willie.

"The U S has spent billions of dollars to build Latin American good will for the sake of a united war effort. We have achieved that unity, but we cannot go on forever playing Santa Claus."—Dr OSGOOD HARDY, who has been on state dept's service in Panama and Santa Domingo.

"We get back from England and we have to ride all the way to Calif in a chair car while the German PWs ride in Pullmans. Now is that fair? We ask you."—Sign chalked on side of a crowded day coach, carrying combat veterans to Pacific coast for re-deployment. (Undersec'y of War ROB'T PATTERSON, admitting the congestion, denied that German war prisoners were given preferential treatment. "We have been promised relief," he concluded "but it has not been forthcoming.")

"Gee ain't they any escape hatches in this thing?"—Sailor, home from the Pacific, taking his 1st wartime ride on a crowded subway.

"Elliott found out you can't practice New Deal spending methods unless you have the U S treasury behind you."—RAYMOND BUCK, Ft Worth att'y, commenting on business activities of ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT.

"Look, fellows, this one's a dud."—Cpl ROBERT F MANZ, of Pittsburgh, after a Jap mortar shell caromed off his arm, bounced in his foxhole. Picking it up, he looked it over, tossed it out. There was a terrific explosion.

"The old barrel won't stand another trip—and I don't believe I will either."—WM ("Red") HILL, Jr, inspecting the battered iron barrel in which he successfully rode the rapids of Niagara, on Sunday, July 8—a feat which his father accomplished 3 times.

"It's a neat trick—almost like shooting pool."—Lt Comdr A F FARWELL, of Pensacola, Fla, describing development of new sport by navy flyers—playing pool with bombs, with Japanese tunnels for pockets. The pilots swoop within 75 ft of the tunnel entrance, skip the bomb into the opening.

"I never make prophecies. They take some explaining away when they go wrong."—Lt Gen'l Wm Jos SLIM, commanding Britain's 14th Army, asked to speculate on duration of Japanese war. "All my experience," he added, "has proved the Jap fights to the very end. I think it unwise to calculate on anything less than a fight to the death."

"I like to work in a grocery store or a bakery. Once I worked for an optical company and nearly starved to death."—Pfc CHESTER J SALVATORI, stationed at Atlanta, Ga. (SALVATORI's Gargantuan appetite has Army doctors stumped. His breakfast: 40 eggs, 20 pcs of toast, several qts of milk, 8 pcs bacon, a qt coffee and a big box of cereal. His weight: 140 lbs.)

"It's a straight Walt Disney."—GI, expressing his idea of the view from Hitler's Berchtesgaden of the jagged Bavarian peaks.

"I hadn't been out 15 min when I realized that I'd made a mistake."—ADELBART BUDSHUN, who escaped from a Utah prison, changed his mind and returned to his cell.

"Any veteran worth his salt would duplicate in civilian life his accomplishments as a soldier."—Gov EDWARD MARTIN, of Pa, addressing Governors' Conference at Mackinac Island, Mich, declaring that returning war vets want jobs, not "coddling."

"I had hoped to give you men a lot of experience killing Japs. Unfortunately we are running out."—Maj Gen'l WILLIAM C CHASE, apologizing to replacements for shortage of Japanese on Luzon.

"(I need) first-hand knowledge of what happens when a shoplifter is caught with the goods."—Woman caught shoplifting in a Chinook, Montana, store, offered the alibi that she was writing a magazine story about a shoplifter. Judge was cooperative; gave her 60 days.



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COLUMNIST'S COLUMN

How to Keep Pure
in Head & Heart
WESTBROOK PEGLER

The mechanical writer is a very wonderful device. It indites with equal impassiveness words both mean and nice. It doesn't concern itself at all, however, with validity. But just writes words on paper with astonishing rapidity. Since its invention, people write and read a great deal more than people did in the olden, golden, good old days of yore. Being a great thinker, I often wonder whether this is as good for us as some of us carelessly think it is. Because then people would have to mix up their own ink. And get a goose-feather and paper before you even started in to think. And people didn't spell so good nor neither had electric light. So they could sit up worrying their brains to the very bone, all night. All about how Communism is a subtle, underhanded scheme. Or a beautiful Utopian, proletarian dream. . . . The art of typewriting unfortunately is not confined to the fingers. Of the pure in heart and mind, but is also mastered by dirty, low-down left-wingers. . . . That is why I think, in a way, it is a crying shame and a crime. That the mechanical writer had to get invented in our time. And so my earnest suggestion, and I hope I do not seem unduly bold, is to read nothing but the expressive language and right thinking of

Yours truly,
WESTBROOK PEGLER.

CHANGE—Resistance to

People become comfortable in their old beliefs. They do not give up quickly or easily. A person may be convinced without any difficulty that a new pair of shoes will look better and last longer and be more scientifically constructed than his old shoes, but until he has "broken in" the new pair, he often puts on the old ones because they feel good. And so it is with the acceptance of a new idea or a new way of thinking.—JOSEPH A. BAILEY, editorial, *New Vistas*, 6-'45.

COMMON MAN

When a war bond or a community chest is to be launched, we think we have to arouse interest by bringing in the glamorous figures of the screen or famous heroes of the battlefield. This is all very well, provided we, the people, do not become mere supine spectators of the spectacular. Morale is stimulated by stars who display exceptional brilliance, but it is far better sustained by the common folk who have the radiant power of encouragement. . . .

It is the contagious confidence of the common man. . . which makes the strength of a nation and offers the hope of redeeming this broken world.—RALPH W. SOCKMAN, "The Might of Common Men," *Christian Herald*, 7-'45.

EDUCATION—Youth

Our entire civilization is geared to this competition for first place. Our advertising stresses the "best," the "largest," and the "most outstanding." Community competes with community in a desperate striving for superiority, for "firstness." Children's parents feel themselves unsuccessful unless they have improved upon every standard set by their own parents and have excelled their neighbors in as many ways as possible. . . .

This whole disease of firstness will have to be eradicated from our civilization before our children will be allowed to ease up on their striving for superiority and leadership.—JOSEPH MILLER, *Nat'l Parent-Teacher*, 6-'45.

FREEDOM—of Speech

Shortly before the World War, when George Creel was made police

commissioner of Denver, a man labeled an "anarchist" wished to make a speech in that Colorado city. The papers demanded that the man be kept out. But Creel. . . issued a public invitation to the anarchist to come to town and speak anywhere. When the puzzled agitator called upon Creel, he found the commissioner more than cooperative. Creel wanted him to speak wherever he thought he could get the best crowd. He suggested that the man speak from the steps of the city hall. And he promised the protection of the police. . . .

The man spoke, protected by the very gov't he was attacking. And few people bothered to listen.—JULIA JOHNSON, *Freedom of Speech*. (H W Wilson Co)

GOD—and Man

God will not look you over for medals, degrees or diplomas, but for scars.—PAUL E. HOLDCRAFT.

GOD—Worship

A preacher recently met a prominent citizen of his community whom he had noticed in attendance at his church on several occasions. He questioned him as to his church membership. The man responded: "Oh, I belong to Dr. Blank's church. When I want to hear about Dumbarton Oaks I go to my own church. When I want to hear about God, I go to yours."—Moody Monthly.

GOSSIP

A disciple came running to Mohammed with the tale that his 6 bro's were asleep and that he alone remained awake to worship Allah. The prophet replied: "And you, too, had better been asleep if your worship of Allah consists of accusations against your brethren."—PAUL NAFF, *Louisville Courier-Jnl.*

GOVERNMENT—and Industry

No political organization since the world began ever developed a great industry. Even waterworks and the post office were developed by risks and energies of individuals pooling their resources under private management.—*Nation's Business*.

HONOR

Professor: The examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take your place 3 seats apart and in alternate rows.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

They DO say . . .

We are glad to report that with the cessation of European hostilities, news is now getting back to something approaching normal. In a single issue of a midwestern daily we read of a calf with 3 nostrils—and another, born without a tail. . . . A contributor to the *Homiletic & Pastoral Review* deplores time wasted by rural priests driving from point to point; suggests that they utilize these moments by reading the Office! "One hand holds the wheel," the writer explains, "the other the breviary. Alternate glances at the road and the book turn the trick." The author admits that probably the National Safety Council wouldn't approve, but concludes, "the N S C does not know everything either." . . . Via EDITH GWYNN and *Hollywood Reporter* we learn that a favorite gag of the soldier shows is to have a Western Union messenger dressed in a 2nd lieutenant's uniform dash on stage and deliver a telegram. The recipient says, "I see you got your old job back." And the GI's howl.

MARRIED LIFE

Domestic squabbles today are on a higher plane than they once were, in the opinion of Prof Ernest W Burgess, Univ of Chicago.

"As persons become better educated and find more cultural interests," he asserts, "they can discuss subjects on which they differ without becoming involved in emotional outbursts.

"It's like an automobile accident. In the old days the two men jumped out of their cars, called each other names, and finally wound up in a fist fight. Today they merely smile and exchange cards, agree to notify the insurance companies, and part peacefully with no recriminations."—

NORMA LEE BROWNING, "Bliss or Battle?" *Chicago Tribune*, 7-1-'45.

ORGANIZATION

Power is developed out of organized effort; never in any other way. A million rain drops represent considerable power, but it is not developed or available for use until it is organized, concentrated and poured over a Niagara Falls or expanded in a steam boiler.—*Democracy in Action*.

RELIGION—Form

Too often in our weakness we have turned for relief to what is really a non-Christian practice of possessive magic; we have thought that by copying the form of some surviving church of the Middle Ages we can gain for our own faith possession of its spirit. By so doing we put the cart before the horse, or, as Jesus put it, we try to keep new wine in old bottles. By borrowing a form we can never recapture the spirit of the original, but by fostering a living, vigorous faith, young tho it may be, we cannot fail to endow our church with our religion's own properly expressive form. — WALLACE S BALDINGER, "God's House Today," *Highroad*, 6-'45.

REPAETEE

A Kansas editor thought to poke fun at Dr C Oscar Johnson because of the statement that appeared somewhere that there were 2500 people at a service in his St Louis Church. Said this editor: "Every one knows that your church seats only 1800 people." Dr Johnson refused to be drawn into a controversy, simply retorting: "You do not know what narrow Baptists we have in Missouri."—*Arkansas Baptist*.

RESOURCES

The late Dr George Washington Carver, internationally known Negro scientist, believed there was no such thing as a bad boy and no such thing as a weed—meaning by weed any useless vegetation. To him a weed was something good whose usefulness we humans had not been smart enough to discover. The potato was once thought of as a useless weed, and the tomato was looked upon as something poisonous.—*Nat'l Canvas Goods Manufacturers' Review*.



**CONFIDENTIALLY
THRU A
MEGAPHONE**

The most municipalities have laws to restrict clairvoyance, the fortune-tellers are contriving, nevertheless, to reap a golden harvest. Anxiety of young girls for the welfare of sweethearts and husbands is one of the chief reasons for current prosperity. Recently, a midwestern newspaper woman learned from a succession of soothsayers that her husband was dead in the Pacific; that he was ill of a fever; that he had been wounded in action; that he was a Jap prisoner; that he would be home soon, alive now but not for long, and finally that he was a drinking man due for 12 yrs of bad luck. All of which is doubly remarkable because the young lady has no husband!

Hollywood believes that the Treasury Dep't tax ferrets are likely to strike 1st in the film capital—because of the publicity that would be sure to result. According to grapevine report, some 70 cases are ready for early action.

While psychological warfare against the Japs cannot be expected to reap the rich returns we garnered in Germany, nevertheless it is a weapon of worth, as evidenced by increasing numbers of prisoners. A new 200,000-watt internat'l short-wave transmitter has just gone into action in Calif. It is beamed to Japanese homeland and Jap-occupied countries. This makes 3 transmitters now in operation. Each broadcasts at a different frequency, thus preventing Jap officials from jamming the programs.

There's still plenty of work for doctors in European theater; few can look for early release. Physical status of each soldier must be checked. Job of getting wounded home is tremendous undertaking.



AVIATION: Britain has disclosed secret which enabled allied bombers to take off and land safely on fogbound airfields. Invention, known as FIDO (fog investigation dispersal operations), consists of huge "box" of metal pipe-lines which provide lanes of fire along airdrome runways and burn off ground fogs. Huge sheet of flame consumes 75,000 gallons of gas per hr; rate of 6000 gallons per aircraft landed. Expected to play big part in postwar aviation by eliminating fog hazard which often cripples commercial flying. (*Chicago Tribune*)

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HEARING: Two-ear listening in sound systems is expected to undergo a new development after Fox movie people introduce their new binaural films, with 2 soundtracks and 2 reproducers, one on each side of the screen. A band marching across the screen will be heard first on 1 side, then on the other; dialogues will come from the lips of the respective speakers. Elaborate new theatre planned to present this new stereophonic recording. (*Radio & Television Retailing*)

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PROCESSES: Gen'l Electric scientists report rapid new means of chemical analysis. By shooting beam of X-rays thru unknown substance, to see how much of the radiation is absorbed, way has been found for quick identification of the elements of which the mat'l is made. It is claimed that the device can be used with gases, liquids or solids; is expected to have widespread applications in research. (*Forbes*)

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PRODUCTS: Armed forces will soon receive a new writing instrument. Will write in ink on paper submerged in water, on cloth, or blotting paper without spreading. (*Direct Mail Advertising Ass'n*)

SERVICE

Dr Wm Mayo, shortly before his death, speaking for himself and his equally famous brother, Chas, said: "The 'Holy Money' as we call it, must go back into the service of that humanity which paid it to us. If we can train 500 prs of hands, we have helped to hand on the torch.

"From the yr 1894 onward, we have never used more than half our incomes on ourselves and our families; lately, much less. . . I would not want my children deprived of the fun and benefit of wanting something and going out to fight for it."—*New Century Leader*.

SKILL—of Primitives

Some of the native tribes are fanatical haters and fighters of Japs. Mbrs of one tribe in particular, whose weapon is a curved, murderous-looking bowie knife, are phenomenal jungle fighters. On one occasion, some of our officers were skeptical of their value as allies. "We have this area completely covered," the Marines told the natives. "No one could possibly get thru."

"We shall see," said the native chief. Marine outposts were especially vigilant all night. Next morning, not only had the knife fighters passed through the guarded territory and turned up on the other side, but they had painted a white cross on the backs of the Marine defenders.—CHAS R WALKER, "Anthropology As a War Weapon," *American Mercury*, 7-'45.

STRATEGY

Lee Little, of Tucson, Ariz was dissatisfied with results of his city's salvage campaign. Placing big bins at strategic points thruout the city, he conspired with a reluctant sign-painter to letter each one conspicuously: "Waist Paper."

A barrage of telephone calls, telegrams and personal visitations charged the salvage committee with criminal spelling. An Army man said it was shameful in a cultural center harboring the Univ of Ariz. A foreign refugee said it was a sign of moral deterioration. Tucson's teachers wanted to know how they could get anywhere with the children when City Fathers didn't

know how to spell a simple one-syllable word.

The result of all this was a 60% increase in waste paper salvage!—*Net Results*.

It would discourage us, too!

"Sit on floor, arms shoulder height and legs straight in front of you. Walk around the room in this position. This breaks down and discourages fatty tissues."—From a Health col of *Los Angeles Examiner*.

VISION—Lack

Thirty yrs ago, in a Federal courtroom in N Y, a sardonic district att'y presented to a jury a glass gadget which looked something like a small electric light bulb. With masterly scorn he accused the defendant of claiming that by use of this "worthless" device, the human voice would some day be transmitted across the Atlantic. He said that gullible investors had been persuaded by such preposterous claims to buy stock in a company and urged prison terms for the defendant and his partners. Two of the associates were convicted, but the inventor got off with a severe lecture from the judge.

The defendant in this case was Lee de Forest; the "worthless glass bulb" was the audion tube, greatest single invention of the 20th century, and the foundation of today's \$4 billion electronics industry.—HARLAND MANCHESTER, "His 'Gadget' Changed The World," *Argosy*, 6-'45.

WAR—and Peace

War is simple and uniting, and peace is complex and dispersing. In war, the one aspiration is victory. In peace the one aspiration may be said to be happiness. But men contend with each other over their schemes for happiness, and the life of peace is bound to be a life of contention in terms of self interest, since self interest is the language of all mankind. The business of peace cannot be simple in the way that war is simple. We in our democracy should know this. . . and be reconciled to the confusion of the conflict.—RAYMOND GRAM SWING, in a recent network radio broadcast.

"Give the coward's blow!"

A new novel by Dr A J CRONIN has a reserved niche on any list of Best Sellers. And *The Green Years* (Little, Brown, \$2.50) has been no exception. Orphaned and compelled to live with his maternal grandparents in a provincial Scottish town, Robert Shannon finds a buffer and firm friend in his great-grandfather, old Cadger Gow, the irresponsible, amorous, boasting, penniless character who rises to glorious heights in the concluding chapters of the book. But here we find Grandpa giving sage counsel while Robert takes it—on the nose.

"There's only one thing to do," Grandpa said in his most reasonable voice. "The question is, will ye do it?" He lit his pipe and took a few calm puffs. "Who is the strongest. . . sturdiest. . . stubbornest boy in your class?"

Unhesitatingly I declared, "Gavin Blair."

"Then," he took his pipe from his lips, "you must fight Gavin Blair."

I stared at him appalled. Gavin was not really one of my tormentors. It was acknowledged that he could beat Bertie Jamieson with one hand behind his back. I tried to explain this to Grandpa. He shrugged his shoulders.

"We'll write a letter to the Master, if ye like, asking him to speak to the boys. But they'll scorn ye all the more for it. It's a matter of principle to go in and whip the best of them."

"I don't know how to fight."

"I'll learn you. I'll take a week and learn you. It's not size that counts but spirit. . ."

. . . The hour selected by my mentor was 4 o'clock, immediately following the dismissal of school. The need for urgency—if I were not to ret'n to Grandpa a pitiful failure—goaded me. Suddenly I ran forward and pushed Gavin hard. He spun round to find me confronting him with my fists arranged one on top of another.

"Knock down the blocks!" I croaked out the traditional invitation to combat. Gavin flushed. With the palm of his hand he slapped my fists apart. Immediately I set them up again, holding them sideways from my body.

"Spit over the blocks."

Gavin spat expertly over the blocks.

I proceeded with the ritual. With boots that seemed dissevered from my fluid legs I traced a wavering line.

"I dare ye to step over it."

Gavin, growing angry, promptly stepped over it.

I trembled in all my bones. Only the final act remained. With dry lips I whispered, "Give the coward's blow!"

He rapped me on the chest. How hollow my breastbone sounded—as tho made of cardboard. I clenched my teeth and rushed while a shout, between wonder and expectation went up from the other boys: "A fight! Gavin and Shannon. A fight!"

I forgot everything Grandpa had taught me. My thin arms flailed the air in wild circular sweeps. I hit Gavin often, but always in the hardest and most resistant areas, while his blows sank painfully into my softest places.

He knocked me down twice to the accompaniment of cheers. . . Rising from the gravel I rushed again at Gavin. He went down before me. Deathly stillness. Someone cried, "You only slipped, Gavin. Give it to him!"

Gavin was more cautious now. We were both the worse for wear. I observed with strange wonder that one of his eyes was of a purplish hue and closing fast. I rushed again as tho ready to embrace Gavin. Suddenly, without intention, he raised his head. I rec'd the stunning impact of his skull upon my nose. It began to bleed. I could taste the warm saltiness in my mouth. Dizzily I landed my knuckles once again on Gavin's buttons. I was still swinging my arms when I discovered someone was holding me back. It was one of the "big" boys from the upper forms. Another had Gavin by the collar in like fashion.

"That's all, youngsters, for the time being. Shake hands. It was a dam' good scrap. Now run in for the hall-door key, somebody. This brat is bleeding like a stuck pig."



GEMS FROM

Yesteryear

Huckleberry Finn
on Prayer

MARK TWAIN

Sixty yrs have now passed since MARK TWAIN created in Huckleberry Finn, a character of such undeniable charm that his immortality was instantly assured. Thru the yrs Huckleberry has gained over his youthful companion Tom Sawyer and the book in which he appears as the central figure is now generally accepted as the author's masterpiece. In this excerpt Huck, like many an individual with more erudition, experiences difficulties and disappointments thru a misunderstanding of the proper use of petitionary prayer.

Miss Watson she took me in the closet and prayed, but nothing come of it. She told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. By and by, one day I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way.

I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why don't the widow get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? Why can't Miss Watson fat up?

No, says I to myself, there ain't nothing in it.

In a high school class the students were instructed to express themselves on the subject: "The Most Beautiful Thing in the World."

A lazy lad in the back of the room pondered briefly, wrote a single line, lapsed into slumber. Curious, the teacher read over his shoulder: "My girl—too beautiful for words."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

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A certain well known gen'l was accosted by a beggar, who claimed to be an old soldier.

"Old soldier, eh!" barked the gen'l. "Then I'll give you a test. Tenshun. Eyes right, eyes front—Now, what comes next?"

"Present alms," was the instant rejoinder. He got the hand-out.—*Wall St Jnl*.

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Having finished a lesson on the Feast of the Passover, a church-school teacher asked, "Now, why was it that Mary and Joseph took Jesus with them to Jerusalem?"

Mary, aged four, smiled understandingly. "I guess," she ventured, "they didn't have a sitter."—*Parents' Magazine*.



Wisecracks OF THE WEEK

The fellow who formerly sold refrigerators to Eskimos is now selling meat-carving sets to U S housewives.—*Grit*.

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JEEP: man's most nearly successful effort to produce a mechanical mule. — *Minneapolis Star-Jnl*.

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ADVERSITY: the only diet that will reduce a fat head.—HOWARD W NEWTON.

GOOD STORIES YOU CAN USE

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

JACK BENNY

Nobody loves a censor. He's the umpire of the Army! And when, as occasionally happens, the boys get a good one on him, it's sure to make the rounds.

This is about a censor who held up a letter from a dough-boy to his girl back in the states. The letter seemed innocent enough. But it was the salutation that bothered the official. It read, "Dear C5H7S03N." The letter went the rounds, but no one could make anything of it. Finally a chemist, checking for invisible ink, read the salutation and chuckled. Because, you see, that happens to be the chemical formula for saccharine!

A stout gentleman, determined to lose weight during a stay on his Vermont farm, hustled to the gen'l store for a pair of overalls. He picked out a pair big enough for energetic exercise. Then a thought struck him. "Wait a minute," he said to the clerk, "those fit me now, but I expect to lose a lot—maybe I had better buy a smaller pair."

The clerk shook his head, calmly went on wrapping the overalls. "Mister, if you can shrink as fast as those overalls will, you'll be doing pretty good."

A Marine air observer on Iwo was overjoyed to discover an exposed Jap gun position; several hundred artillery-men were sitting right out in the open. He radioed to a cruiser offshore: "Target area so and so. There's a whole swarm of them—looks like a meeting."

The cruiser's guns fired as directed. A moment later, the observer reported cheerfully: "Meeting adjourned."—*This Wk*.

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A vigilant victory gardener who noticed that his tomatoes were disappearing quickly and mysteriously, thought he had the solution when he surprised two moppets prowling through the garden.

"Have you boys been stealing my tomatoes?" he demanded sternly.

"Not me, mister," piped one. "I'm just helping my brother look for his salt shaker."—MARK BELTAIRE, *Detroit Free Press*.

